

THE CAMOSUN



FEBRUARY.

1915

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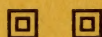
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Although the "Pennant Competition" aroused a great deal of enthusiasm, still the entries received were comparatively few. This was especially noticeable in the number of entries received from the girls. However, we feel amply repaid; for the results showed that the advertisements had been perused with great care; indeed so many were the mis-spelt words that we had to consult Webster's more than once. Many of the words may be spelt two ways and a great many have small technical errors,—these we have not counted. The judges award the pennants to (1) Edward W. Basset (Prel. B.), and (2) D. Wallace (Jr. C.). The list of mis-spelt words accepted by the judges is given below:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Kerr for Ker. | 8. Only for Only. |
| 2. Gowan for Gowen. | 9. "Vonia" for Voonia. |
| 3. Carbin for Carbine. | 10. Stork for Stock. |
| 4. Stationary for Stationery. | 11. Minimun for Minimum. |
| 5. Stationary for Stationery. | 12. Ball for Balls. |
| 6. Deportment for Department. | 13. Tinsmething for Tinsmithing. |
| 7. Jamiesons for Jamesons. | 14. Optometrest for optometrist. |

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"Why," said the gentleman, "the same rule that I learned when I was a boy. I put a semicolon every twelve words, and two commas between each pair of semicolons."

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The Camosun

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All communications should be addressed care of Business Manager, Victoria High School. The Board will pay no attention to anonymous letters.

Advertisers are asked to leave copy at The Acme Press, 753 View Street, by the 25th of each month to insure insertion.

Table of Contents



A St. Valentine Episode	6
The Coward	8
How Bandy Won His V. C.	11
School Spirit	12
Mr. H. P. Hope	13
Editorial	14
Society	16
Beta Delta	17
Portia Society	19
Exchanges	20
Cadet News	23
Athletics	24
News Stand	27

A St. Valentine's Episode

IT was with feelings of the wildest apprehensions that I saw St. Valentine's Day approaching, with rapid strides, across the calendar. To a young man of limited means, who is only able to afford one clean collar per week, the duty of sending a valentine to "her" involves something of a predicament and a crisis. Besides there was another courting her, a young ideal, upon whom she seemed to look with increasing favor, if I may judge by the proximity of their seats, while I was left to twiddle my thumbs upon a distant couch, enjoying the company of an elderly maiden aunt. It is hard, indeed, to become effusive over a Persian cat, when your heart is breaking at the feet of yonder maiden, seated in earnest conversation with your mortal enemy.

You may understand from this how anxious I was to excel the young ideal in the question of valentines; but what was my dismay to discover on February the thirteenth, that all I possessed of my last week's pay was one dollar; with this I had to supply my meals for the remainder of the week, and—that fatal valentine. My heart palpitating with nervous excitement, I approached the book-store, entered, and demanded to see some valentines.

"Is it for a young or an elderly lady?" asked the woman behind the counter.

"Well—er, not so very young—er, about your own age, I should think," answered I, taken aback by this question.

The woman made no reply; she grew, if possible, more sour-looking than ever; soon she produced a few valentines, and informed me, in acid tones, that these were all she had left. The cheapest was twenty-five cents. I had now a pleasant alternative before me: either not to send my lady-love a valentine, or to starve on seventy-five cents for the rest of the week. What is an empty stomach compared to the power of love? I bought a valentine, and sent it forthwith to the sweetest girl in the world.

The next day I arrived at her house to learn the result of my venture. The lady, alas, was in a towering passion, and it was not long before I discovered that the young ideal was the cause of all this uproar. The wretch, the idiot, the perfect beast, he had sent her a valentine, and such a valentine, an awful valentine, in fact, a mock valentine! The young lady raved, tore her hair, and did everything, in fact, that a young lady ought not to do, except swear; and suddenly the cause of the outburst appeared. Then, indeed, the vials of wrath were opened and poured upon the head of the wretch.

"Sir," she cried, "what is the meaning of this thing?" holding out the valentine with the utmost expression of contempt.

If Gabriel, the archangel, had suddenly fallen through the ceiling, he could not have looked more astonished.

"My darling," he gasped.

"You beast," cried the "darling," "do not attempt to explain yourself! Your 'darling,' indeed! Oh! that I have lived to see this day! to see my love hurled down and trampled upon!, insulted to my very face by a person, who, I believed, loved me with an unalterable love! wretch that you are! you will no longer haunt my life!" and, turning to me, she ordered me to immediately cause the young ideal to disappear from the face of the globe.

In vain he protested that it was all a mistake, that he had sent her the wrong valentine; she was not to be pacified. I valiantly seized a chair, and challenged him to mortal combat, when the young lady began to scream. I dropped the chair and hastened to comfort her. Recovering, she ordered me to attack him again. I seized an ink-well and hurled it at his cranium. In the excitement of the moment I did not succeed in my murderous intention, but struck the door-post, which was immediately adorned with a plentiful supply of the best ink.

The young lady walked across the room with slow and dignified air, and pressed the bell. When the servant appeared she said, pointing to the now crest-fallen ideal:

"James, escort that thing to the back door and order it never to return."

The now departing villain turned to us and wished us the happiness of our union, saying that he hoped I would enjoy the company of that female, whose love had been so well placed on my handsome self. (This was said in a sarcastic voice, so, of course, I could not take it as a compliment). He turned and left the house—forever.

She sat down on the nearest piece of furniture, which happened to be the table and began to cry. She cried, and cried, and cried, and still she cried, while I stood by and watched the tears fall like silver raindrops upon the mother's best table-cover. Night was coming on and still she cried. Already I was beginning to feel the damp and ventured a slight cough. There was no sign that she heard; she cried even harder, if that were possible. I then took her soft hand and began to soothe her with words of endearment, telling her how nobly she had acted and finally laying my heart and fortune (consisting of sixty-five cents and a bunch of keys) at her feet. I will pass over the following scene; it was too holy to be put on paper. Suffice it to say—I have notified the Minister.

E. M., Matric A.

The teacher was telling the children a long, highly embellished, story of Santa Claus, and Willie Jones began giggling with mirth which finally got beyond control.

Teacher—"Willie! What did I whip you for yesterday?"

Willie—"Fer lyin'!"

The Coward

EXCITEMENT was at fever-heat. Tomorrow was the great game: the long-looked-for, much-talked-of game of the year—the annual game with their bitterest rival, Ralston College. A wave of school spirit and loyalty swept over the body of students and carried every one along in its onrushing course. No knocking or personal grudge here. Everyone was united in the common hope of a win for their college. What glory could be greater?

Bob and Dorothy, walking home from class, were gaily chatting over the minor details of the great tomorrow.

"We've not had such a good chance in years, Dot," said Bob, "I don't see any reason why we won't win."

"Oh, I do hope we do, and be sure and don't forget to look up where I told you. I'll be there."

"I won't forget to look, but maybe you won't be so proud of me tomorrow."

"Proud of you! Why, I'll always be proud of you. It isn't every young lady that has a friend a football star!"

"Oh, I don't know. Arn't there other things to be proud of besides a football star? For instance, if I ranked first in my class, wouldn't you be just as proud of me?"

"Y-e-es, I guess so, but there's something so strong and manly in a fine athlete. It makes you feel sure he must have a fine character."

A shadow crossed Bob's face and a troubled look came into his eyes.

"I agree with you there. An athlete should be strong. But you know I've never played in a really big game, and—and to tell the truth, I'm a bit nervous about it."

"Oh, is that what's the matter? I noticed you weren't quite yourself, but you cheer up. When you get out there with all those people hollering at you, you won't know how to be nervous. Well, here we are home. I'll say good-bye, until tomorrow."

"Until tomorrow, then, good-bye."

Bob walked slowly back to the campus and thence to his rooms. He tried to get interested in a book, but failed. Unconsciously his thoughts returned to the topic uppermost in his mind—the morrow. What would it bring forth? Day by day a great fear had been coming over him; day by day the dread of the morrow had been coming nearer and nearer. It had taken all his will-power to keep it from the coach and fellows. He could not define the feeling, he only knew it was there. With that crowd of surging, fighting, humanity coming at him, would he flinch?

All his life he had felt this feeling—the sign of the coward, coming over him in times of peril. He knew that tomorrow the crisis would come. He must conquer.

The Day

On both sides of the athletic field, the crowds thronged back and forth, looking for places in the huge stands. Brilliant colors, flying pennants, and many friendly greetings shouted back and forth made the scene lively enough to be long remembered. The College had turned out en masse to do its heroes honor.

A long, lanky youth was leading the Rooters' Club in a series of ear-splitting "melodies," ably assisted by the "Cut-up Kid" of the College, that mischief-loving person thoroughly happy in giving way to his long pent-up feeling on this auspicious day.

At last the teams cantered on to the field to a lively tune played by the "band" and amid the cheering of several hundreds of enthused spectators. The two captains advanced and flipped the coin for the choice; the men took their positions; the whistle blew; the great game had begun. In the first ten minutes of play nothing happened of interest; then suddenly the school full-back picked the ball up from a lively scramble and before anyone realized it, he was tearing down the field for the first try. The din that arose was appalling. Hats and canes soared into the air and the game was well on before normal conditions returned.

The rival team was working like a well-oiled, finely-handled piece of machinery, every man doing his utmost. The home team, flushed with pride and hope of victory, gradually gave way before the onslaught of the enemy until at last, a moment before the final whistle, they scored, tying the game.

Between the halves the supporters of the two teams engaged in loud banter, while in the dressing room, the grimy, sweating players underwent much rubbing, scolding and advising.

From the beginning of the second half the excitement was intense, both sides hoping for a score. The ball went back and forth from one end of the field to the other, then gradually but surely it was forced near and nearer the home goal. Suddenly the moment came. The home captain decided to use his last resort, a trick play of his own. With danger so close it meant either safety or the loss of the game. One of the backs must carry the ball and each one fervently hoped it would not be he. Quickly the signal was given and the next moment the ball was shot into Bob's arms. He stood, rooted to the spot by fear and the responsibility of his position. That hesitation proved fatal. The struggling mass was on him and with a little cry, Bob dropped the ball and fell.

Five hundred throats emitted a long drawn-out "Oh—" and not a cheer greeted the score that the visiting team immediately made. As the teams were taking their places the final whistle blew. Then a rather faint cheer went up for the winners of a hollow victory.

After the Game

To live alone on a desert island would be rather unpleasant but to Bob, that day, it would have been a haven of refuge. He was an

outcast. Of all the hundreds that saw the game, not one but felt a deep contempt—not one who considered the boy's youth and pitied. No one spoke to him; his best friends averted their eyes, and the agony he felt cut deep into his soul.

That evening, in the darkness, he sauntered over to the gymnasium, the scene of the evening's festivities. This was an event to which he had long looked forward. Climbing up on a sill he managed to get a good view of the gay scene within: the dancers gliding around, the brilliant lights and bright decorations. And through it all he looked at his future and could see nothing but darkness.

As he turned to go he heard a sob, and following the direction from where it came he saw a girl sitting in a shadow on the balcony. With a start Bob realized it was Dorothy. Someone else cared, then. That made it easier. With a new determination he set off rapidly for his room.

* * * * *

A week had passed since the eventful day of the game. Bob's isolation still existed. His only speaking acquaintance was the negro janitor. It was a bright afternoon and he had decided to take a brisk jaunt. As he walked along one thought was uppermost in his mind: a chance to redeem himself in the eyes of the entire college. He felt sure he could do it if he only had the opportunity. A huge truck was moving along the street that formed one side of the campus square. He wondered idly at the speed at which it was moving. Across on the other side, the Principal's little son Billie, beloved by all the students, was playing happily with a rubber ball. Suddenly he heard a shriek. Billie was standing in the street where the ball had rolled, too terrified to move, directly in the path of the speeding truck. Like a flash Bob covered the few intervening yards, struck Billie and pushed him to safety. But Bob—?

* * * * *

When he opened his eyes he was lying in a large pretty room. The air was laden with a pleasant, soothing odor; the table was covered with flowers of every hue and variety. A quiet, peaceful atmosphere pervaded the whole.

He lay for some moments trying to collect his thoughts, then gradually he remembered it all: the game, his disgrace, the outcast, and then—this. Surely he must have done something really worth while.

A white-capped nurse approached him and gently inquired if she could do anything for him.

"Yes," said Bob, "I know why I'm here, but who sent those flowers?"

"The boys."

"The boys! but I thought—"

"They are all outside," said the nurse, "waiting for you to wake up and there's someone special at the door, a—a—young lady."

"Oh—. Well, don't keep her waiting."

Dorothy slowly approached and sat down on the side of the bed, her cheeks flushed with pleasure.

"Oh Bob, I'm so glad.

From below the window a thundering chorus, of youthful voices arose: "What's the matter with Bobby? He's all right!"

Bob turned his joyful eyes toward Dorothy.

"Do you still think I'm a—a—coward?"

Complacently Dorothy pushed the ring on her third finger farther back.

"We'll wait until a year after we graduate, Bobby."

—P. E. H.

How Bandy Won His V.C.

"**D**O you think we're in for a scrap up here?" questioned Bandy. Everybody listened eagerly for an answer, as "Mac" had just come up from an old chateau a few miles away, which was the centre of interest just now. "Very little," came the reply, "but there's a batch of Germans near B Company." "Just our luck," growled Bandy; "here we've been cooped up in this village for three days and never a sight of the enemy." Melton, who had been gazing towards the Chateau Bernhardt for some time, suddenly said, "Say Bandy, what do you make of that signal? Wait a minute while I find out. 'E-N-E-M-Y - to - south - west - Picket 15'." "Hooray! Hooray! At last!" shouted the men and dived into the shed for their weapons. Here Bandy and Mac paused a moment to wish one another luck. They had been friends from boyhood, had been to the same school and now were serving in the same regiment. "Remember," was Bandy's parting word, "the old call if you are down!"

Swiftly they formed up round the Chateau, determined to hold this most important position till the Allies came up. It seemed hours to the eager Tommies before the enemy did come, though in reality it was but twenty minutes. "It's a long way to Tipperary," hummed a Tommy close by and Bandy felt a thrill of pride in his light-hearted little company. "Ready! Present! Fire!" came the order; and next minute the air was resounding with the ping of rifles and the bursting of shells. But alas! the little regiment was sadly outnumbered and there was as yet no sign of the allies.

"Retreat to the inner trenches!" shouted the officer and hurriedly the men obeyed. About half-way to the next trenches Bandy paused and listened. A familiar cry came faintly above the din of the battle; surely it was the voice of his old comrade. He turned and was just in time to see his friend fall helpless to the ground, while every minute the Germans were gaining upon him. Without giving a thought to the danger, he ran straight for his comrade and, picking him up, strode back through a hail of bullets to the trenches. A piece of shell hit him in the arm but he kept his hold on his friend and staggered along into safety. "Well done!" shouted the Major, and Bandy felt repaid for his dangerous trip. Thus did Bandy win his Victoria Cross.

School Spirit

R. S. H.

THE Camosun editor told me that there was a page or so yet to be filled in this issue and he would be glad of any material—anything; he was taken at his word. Doubtless there are some of you that won't bother to read this (the fault is not yours—please blame it on the printer); others of you will look for a joke (don't overwork yourself trying to find one); some for want of something better to do, will stand The Camosun up against the sugar bowl and read it while taking your soup—it is for you that this page was filled. Not because you are taking soup, which is not a bad habit, but as you have some time to waste. Wait! I want you to promise something: if you won't, read the joke column over again. But as some of you have promised we'll both continue again. What you promised was not to burn the midnight oil studying (that would be waste of words); it was not to make less noise while taking that—that soup; it was only to ask yourself, "what about my school-spirit?" Are you disappointed? You shouldn't be, for it is a question that has never troubled a great many—especially you Prelims. There were 350 of you all told, that came up here last summer. But we wouldn't know that the majority of you were here—save for seeing you occasionally in the hallway. The little spark of school-spirit worked up by boys and girls of past years, has been stamped out under the tread of so many.

But what about we Matrics and Juniors? We are much the same. We may evince a little more interest perhaps, but then we've been here longer. We may show a little more school-spirit, but sometimes unfortunately, it is only because it suits some selfish motive. It is for the Matrics and Juniors to set the example.

Get in and do something. You will learn that school spirit is not something that can be physically grasped. Get in and accomplish something—whether it is in sport, debating or other school branches and you will be the happier for it. The happiest person is always the one who can look back on past days and be able to say: I did a share! Do you never dreamily think of happy moments, of times gone by—moments, haply, that can be surpassed by something still better accomplished in the future?

First Boy—"Better not go fishing with Jim Jones; he's got the chicken-pox."

Second Boy—"O well! that don't matter; I never catch anything when I go fishing anyhow."

The Performers have shown their School Spirit. What about You?



THE CAMOSUN wishes to extend to Mr. Hope all sincere congratulations upon his recent appointment to an inspectorship in the Province. We remember Mr. Hope, not only as a good teacher, but as one who took a never-failing interest in all matters pertaining to the School.

TO MR. HOPE

Farewell to you, Inspector Hope,
May good luck find you ever.
'Twas you who strongly spliced the rope
By which we pulled together;

And when our hands were slipping,
When our feet began to slide,
When our colors we were dipping
You were always by our side,

Always willing, always cheerful,
Till the hardest pull was eased.
Although we were not always careful,
We sincerely hope we've pleased.

And if we ever get discouraged
And think it's awful hard
We'll think of you and be encouraged,
We'll keep our record all unmarred.

N. F. P.



EDITORIAL

SCENES FROM SHAKESPEARE

AS was announced in the January issue of The Camosun, the students of Arts '18 are giving an evening's entertainment in sketches from Shakespeare's comedies. The scenes selected for the occasion are: "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act I, Scene 2, also Act V, Scene 1; "As You Like It," Act I, Scene 2; "Taming of the Shrew," Act IV, Scene 3.

The proceeds of the ticket sale are to be principally devoted to the installment of a curtain for the High School stage. This demands the financial support of everyone in the school, and so "you" are urgently requested to help to make the enterprise a success. Tickets are on sale by members of the College and High School; the price of admittance is 25c. The performance commences at 8.15 on the evening of February 12th. Come and bring your friends!

In our January issue we gave a very brief account of some Old Boys who had volunteered for the front. One of these, Mr. Nelson King, who was studying at Oxford when the war broke out, has written to friends in Victoria and we have thought the information which he gave would be interesting also to our readers. At the same time, we should like to add that we should be very glad indeed to have more information of the same nature about other members of the school now in England or France.

"We have been steadily progressing in our training and as time went on and we heard nothing definite about going to the front we thought we would have to spend the winter in England, but a week ago Friday the order was given out to the division here to prepare for active service, so we hope to get out of England before the New Year or sooner. We have no idea where we are going; it may be Egypt, but we hope it is the front. Since the order was given out we are getting all our equipment ready; we have got some new horses to replace some which had to be cast out, but these fresh ones seem little better, they are so small. We have

had bayonets for some time and have been through the various exercise. We need these when we are dismounted. We have just been issued with swords and are going through the exercises; we are not quite accustomed to manipulate them on horseback yet, but that will come, and by that time we shall have all necessities and be ready to move. We have had some capital charges without swords; it's great sport when we are drilling well; the horses fairly leap over the ground when we yell. I hope you don't think I only began to ride when the war broke out. I joined the regiment when I went to Oxford and learned to ride well there. We are out every day now and sitting on a horse is becoming more and more like second nature."

Address: 2nd Troop, "C" Squadron K. E. H.,

Duke of York's Headquarters

Chelsea, S.W.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Mr. P. Clyde,

2667 Quadra Street,

Editor Camosun.

City, January 27, 1915.

Dear Sir:

Some of the High School pupils very kindly sent a parcel of comforts to the boys at Salisbury. I have just heard from my son acknowledging the receipt of them. He has asked me to thank those that sent them; so I am going to ask you to be good enough, through your paper, to say that the things were duly received and distributed and are very much appreciated.

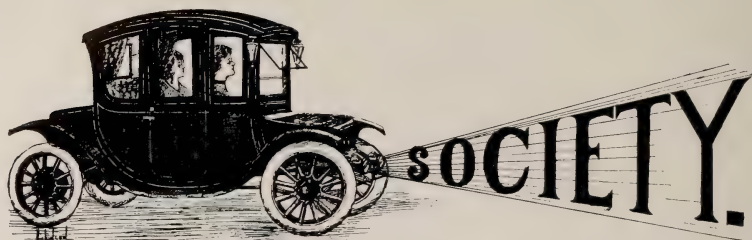
Yours very truly,

H. E. WALLIS.

TONIGHT—THE GRAND BALL

Tonight the annual ball of McGill College will be held in the Alexandra Club. A brilliant assemblage of guests is expected, as the sale of tickets is larger than any previous year; almost all of the four hundred are disposed of. Anyone who is still without a ticket may obtain it from the 2nd year President, F. A. Kerr. Chaperones will be charged half price at the door. The committee, who have made all preparations, are now in a position to assure a rousing good time to all. Miss Thain's orchestra will play the opening selection of an attractive programme at 8.30.

'Tis strange indeed, yet startling true,
That man forsakes his faith in war:
In peace he frowns, within his pew,
On bloody lust of days of yore,
And tells himself that man's progress'd.
And Christian men have reached their quest,—and then
He fights a battle bloodier than the rest!



IN the delightful parlor room of the Empress Hotel Mr. and Mrs. Hope entertained Mr. and Mrs. Willis and the prefects, Miss Kathleen Grubb, Miss Eleanor Nicholson, Miss Edna Sparling, Miss Nina Rigby, Miss Alexia Brown and Miss Christinia Williams, at a tea on Saturday, January 23rd, previous to his departure from our midst.

* * * * *

On Friday, January 29th, Miss Ilace Terry gave a very delightful card party for a number of her friends, at her home on Leighton Road. The first part of the evening was spent in cards and later the guests danced. Those present were: Miss Helen Marling, Miss Belle Hastie, Miss Teresa Robinson and Miss Gertrude Scott, and Messrs. Campbell, Baum, DeBeck, Scott and Wyllie.

MIDNIGHT ON CADBORO BAY

A lovelier sight was surely never seen:
 Cadboro Bay in moonlight sweetly lay
 All shimmering in the hues of Midnight Day,
 A gentle, heaving mass of gorgeous green;
 The idle yachts gaze vainly in the deep,
 While from the wood where smiled the Mystic Spring,
 The giant trees their grotesque shadows fling,
 And all the little things lie dreamily asleep.
 Oh! that our lives could thus quiescent be,
 And unto us could come such peace of mind,
 As vast and boundless as the rolling sea,
 A happier person then 'twere hard to find;
 Then let us banish all our foolish glee,
 And may it fade, for surely it is blind.

L. E. FAIRBAIRN.

The money from Scenes from Shakespeare is for a Stage Curtain



Meeting of January 15

THE first meeting of the Spring session of the 1914-15 term was held on Friday, January 15th, for the purpose of electing officers for all positions on the executive. Many interesting and amusing subjects were discussed pro and con by the various candidates. After closely contested balloting the following were chosen as officers: President, Fairbairn; Vice-President, Foulkes; Secretary, Cross; Treasurer, Gilbert, and a committee of Roe, Davis and Graham. A vote of confidence in the honorary members of the board was moved and enthusiastically endorsed.

Mock Trial

The second meeting of the Beta Delta this year was somewhat out of the ordinary, everybody being invited to the trial of that notorious German spy, Schlitz Hoffstein. The prisoner, closely guarded by two officers of the court, was accused of many offences. For instance,—he placed mines in Elk Lake and thereby rendered the water unfit for domestic purposes. The defense showed the falsity of this claim by proving that he had been experimenting in the waters of the lake in an attempt to grow onions without any odor.

Much absolutely trustworthy evidence on the various charges was rendered by the witnesses. Great excitement was caused by the appearance of the prisoner's sweetheart, who, overcome with emotion while testifying to the character of the accused, fainted into the arms of the defendant's lawyer.

After a scathing denunciation of the prisoner, and a final stirring appeal to the jury to uphold the principles of British justice, the prosecuting attorney brought the case to a close. The jury returned a unanimous verdict that the accused was guilty on some charges and innocent of others. The judge accordingly sentenced Hoffstein to a fine of forty-three cents. The prisoner, with a final gesture of despair, committed suicide by cutting off the upturned points of his mustache.

Gold Pins

Up to the beginning of this term several members have succeeded in procuring seventy marks or over in a debate, thus fulfilling one

of the conditions in securing the gold pin of merit. We wish to remind these boys that they still must attain twenty-five marks in open discussions after the meetings, before they can be classed with the twenty-six who have won the pin in the last three years. Those so far successful are: H. Chan, Matriculation; Taylor, Hayward, Young, D. Scott and Mulloy, of Junior; Hutchison and Lipsky of the Preliminary year.

JUNIOR C

A Class Phophecy

I was sitting in a hotel in Hong Kong. My tour of the world was half completed. Unconsciously my thoughts returned to my youth and the years spent in the environs of the V. H. S., especially the year in Junior C. That very day I had encountered poor old Hodgson, he of the social aspirations, as I was leaving the ship. He was standing by the lower rail, a black cap crowning his grimy face—a mere sailor. There was an unusual commotion going on, the cause of which was the expected arrival of a famous politician. Imagine my surprise and delight to see that this person was none other than Harry Chan. This joy was increased by one glance at his secretary, no other than little Heber Jones. I continued my travels to Canton. Here I met Gus Hamburger, now the consul at that place, and we had a long chat, during which a young lady entered on business. A moment later Gus brought her over and introduced me to Miss Helen Farquharson, Missionary to China. This young lady graciously invited me to visit her, as she was staying with another old friend—Marjorie Moffat, whose first matrimonial venture had ended very sadly, hence the retirement.

In Calcutta a bigger surprise awaited me. Wandering along a side street, I noticed the sign, "Wallace and Harkness." Entering I discovered my mathematical friend engaged in nefariously doing the innocent natives out of their cash by means of various card tricks. Looking into the book-keeping cage I saw the studious Kenning, laboriously working away.

In Rome I attended an opera and was greatly agitated to see Miss Hurst appear upon the stage. A few moments later I dropped to the orchestra pit and met Cecil Laundy, faithfully fiddling away.

Coming out of the theatre I went to an art gallery. Seated on an artist's stool, palette in hand, was Paul King studying a great painting. Exhausted, I made my way to on the highest portion of the Coliseum, now fitted up as an antique hotel.

"If there were four flies on a table and I killed one how many would be left?" inquired the teacher.

"One," answered the bright little girl,—*"the dead one."*



THE last debate before Christmas was most instructive as well as very interesting. The subject was: "Resolved that Christmas presents should not be given this year." The speakers who very ably took part were: Patricia Smith and Louise Hayward on the affirmative, and Edna Humber and Gladys Steinmetz on the negative. Miss Hamilton and Mr. Plant acted as judges and rendered the decision in favor of the negative. Mr. Plant favored the girls with a very entertaining talk before delivering the decision.

The meetings of the new year will be held on Wednesday instead of on Tuesday as formerly. The first of these was held on January 20th, the subject for debate being, "Resolved that we should not obey Mrs. Grundy."

Moya Walsh and Madeline Bradshaw spoke on the affirmative against Edna Marwick and Dora Tanner on the negative.

The judges, Miss A. McLeod and Mr. Harry Smith, decided in favor of the negative.

PREL. D

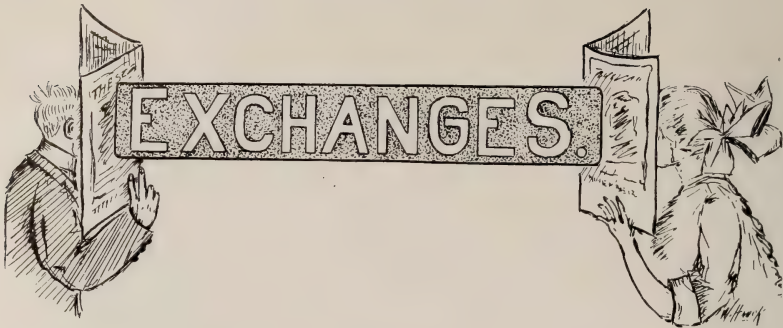
TAKE NOTICE—

Fletcher has changed his attitude towards studying and has become a rare student.

Elkington has gone into liquidation with his Pompadour cure.

Miss Dorman really delights to prove Propositions and is seriously thinking of giving Miss Fletcher and Miss Graves some private assistance.

J. Grant was undoubtedly defeated in his bout as can be seen by his manner, the teacher thinks.



THE exchanges this month have been unusually "few and far between." This is due to the fact that the present issue is being printed earlier than usual and many exchanges have not had time to arrive. All exchanges will be found in the library and we can vouch that any spare time spent in reading them will not be wasted.

If The Camosun were a perfect magazine in every respect, then the only need of an exchange would be to help less fortunate high school journals. However, this is not quite the case, and therefore our exchange contains some examples of what students in other high schools and colleges have accomplished, in order to interest its readers and stimulate those who want an opportunity to benefit their school and themselves at the same time to "go and do likewise."

The VOX LYCEI, Hamilton, Ont., is perhaps our best exchange this month. Its stories and poems are very good especially that amusing character sketch entitled "Mrs. Hitching." The following parody on a nursery classic is very clever in spite of a few defects in the rhyme:

Who Killed Cock Robin

Who wanted war?
"I," said the Kaiser,
"With God, my adviser,
I wanted war."

Who saw his game?
"We," said the nations;
"We sat by in patience,
But we saw his game."

Who barred the way?
"I did," said Flanders,
"In spite of his slanders,
I barred the way."

Who'll get him yet?
"I," said the Vulture;
"I always liked culture,
I'll get him yet."

Who'll weave his shroud?
"I," said Louvain;
"For my children he's slain,
I'll weave his shroud."

Who'll be chief mourner?
"I," said the Taube;
"Mein Deutschland ist ober,
I'll be chief mourner."

(Abridged)

The LANGARIAN is a new addition to our exchange list which has lately made its debut at the Terminal City. We wish it every success, and, judging from its appearance, we are extremely likely to have our wish. The rugby hints contained in this issue are well worth reading.

The SAMOHI, Santa Monica, Cal., has also been introduced to us for the first time and we hope to see more of it in the future.

Realizing how great a crime it is to use slang, the STUDENT LANTERN, Saginaw, Mich., gave the following denunciation in a recent issue:

A Word to High School Students

Oh! High School girls, oh! High School boys!
(How shocking is the news!)
Is told to me, most truthfully,
You daily, hourly use.

'Tis said you call a girl a "peach,"
If she seems to suit you well;
A "mess" or "pill" if otherwise—
But, pray, how can you tell?

You shorten costume to a "rig";
A pretty hat, a "dream";
An easy lesson named a "cinch";
A funny thing a "scream."

'Tis said, you say, "I get you," too,
Call everyone "my dear";
Oh! where you'll end I do not know
For you I truly fear.

Oh! my dear girls, oh! my dear boys!
 'Tis bad beyond a doubt;
 "Take it from me," 'tis awful form,
 Why don't you "cut it out?"

An estimation from the TIGER, San Francisco, California: The Camosun sends down a bright and entertaining number from Canada. The cover design and cuts are good, while the half-tones show a fully equipped school to be proud of. The assembly hall and gymnasium as depicted would be a credit to any school in the "States." As its editor points out The Camosun is in need of short stories, and it appears to have the talent at hand for their production.

It is evident to all that we have been supplied with every possible convenience by the School Board and that Nature has supplied us with a certain amount of executive ability. Everybody help to show that we can supply what the School Board can't—School Spirit!

ARTS '18

The Parliament of Fooles

Minutes:

Meeting of members at noon on the umptieth of the ump. President Jas in the chair.

Discussion opened by second year students making much throat noise while devouring soup.

The president dilates at length on the theory of Presbyterian gum drops amidst applause and a motion to notify such to avoid lip-smacking. (See Wheeler for particulars.)

Meeting adjourns while Earl of Limbo enters. Song and dance:

"When that midnight choo-cho leaves for Limbo Lake,
 Limbo Lake, Limbo Lake.

Lunatics there, oh see them stare," etc., etc., etc.

Meeting resumed.

Question under discussion:—Who are the tightest-wads in existence?

Finally decided in favor of those who look in at rehearsals instead of buying a ticket for the Shakespearean concert.

Stirring debate begun by Drury on whether a triangle is unable to take the form of an alligator suffering from too much bean soup (5c) containing pick sponges, tripe and other deep sea mammals.

Motion to give treasury to Patriotic Fund carried.

(Fund enriched to the extent of one stamp (foreign) (used).

Simpson attempts to sing and meeting breaks up in a riot.

P. S.—Every five minutes during the course of this discussion a bell rings all over the school for no ostensible reason whatever except to celebrate the momentous passing of aforesaid 300 sec. Ecod!

Meeting adjourns.

Signed: ROBERT WOODWARD, Secretary.



Orders by Battalion Commander Major R. S. Hamilton, Commanding
No. 112, Victoria High School Cadet Battalion

Headquarters, Victoria High School,
Victoria, B. C., February 1st, 1915.

Promotions: To be Quartermaster—Sergt. King.

The Corps has been divided into two companies, under their respective officers; each company into the four usual sections. When weather permits the drill will take place outside. Cadets are asked to accept this notice to attend drills. Section commanders and half-company leaders are responsible for the attendance of those in their respective sections or half-companies.

Uniforms have been ordered from Vancouver for those without them. Dating two weeks from the present, Cadets will turn out to drill in uniform every second Monday.

A bugle band of eight buglers and two drummers has been formed under the leadership of Sergt. Meldram.

All officers and N. C. O.'s will meet in the armory every Tuesday for instruction classes, till further notice.

W. GALE,

Captain and Adjutant.

The Corps has entered a team of ten, in the Dominion Rifle League Championship. The first round was shot off two weeks ago, but results were not ready in time for press. The boys feel confident in winning first place in the Dominion.

Shooting practice for all Cadets will be held every Monday and Friday.

Lady—"Could you possibly have rescued your friend who was captured by cannibals?"

African Traveller—"Unfortunately not; when I arrived he had been scratched off the menu."



THROUGH the energies of the boys' gymnasium instructor, Mr. Smaill, a successful indoor field day was held, just before the close of the Christmas term. On the day of the meet he was ably helped by some members of the faculty, Messrs. Hope, MacDonald, Yates, A. Smith, H. Smith, Harry Smith, Tait, Putnam, Richardson, and by members of the Matric classes and McGill boys, Hamilton, MacEachren, Fawcett, Roe, Drury, French and Gordon. The contestants were divided into four classes: the 1st, under 80 lbs. and over 95; 2nd, 96-110 lbs. inclusive; 3rd, 111-125 lbs. inclusive; 4th, over 126 (unlimited). Owing to lack of space we can only put in the results of the first three winners of each class. There were five points for a first, three for a second, and one for a third.

Class 1—There were only two entries, Bassett and Jones. Bassett was the victor with a total of 31 points and Jones obtained 25. Bassett won; the 25 yards' dash ($3\frac{3}{5}$ secs.), 60 yards' potato race ($17\frac{1}{4}$ secs.), standing broad jump (7 ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ in.); pull up on horizontal bar (7 times); pole climb (9 secs.); second in the running high jump, standing hop, step and jump. Jones won the running high jump (4 ft. 1 in.), and the standing hop, step and jump (18 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in.), and was second in the rest of the events of his class.

Class 2—In this class Hopkins was first with 21 points, Brady was next with 16 and Marwick had 10 to his credit. Hopkins won the potato race in (15 secs.), 25 yards' dash ($3\frac{3}{5}$ secs.); running high jump (4 ft.), second in standing hop, step and jump, and in the pole climb. Brady was first in the standing broad jump (8 ft.), hop, step and jump (21 ft. 6 in.); pole climb ($8\frac{3}{5}$), and third in the pull up. Marwick won the pull up (13 times), second in potato race, third in standing broad jump and pole climb.

Class 3—Livingstone was first with 29 points, Hamburger second with 13, and Hamilton third with 11 points. The events won by Livingstone were: 25 yards' dash ($3\frac{3}{5}$ secs.), tied in the potato race, running high jump (4 ft. $7\frac{3}{4}$ in.), standing hop, step and jump (23 ft. 4 in.), second in standing broad jump, fence vaulting, and rope climbing. Hamburger won the standing broad jump (8 ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.), second in 25 yards' dash and hop, step and jump, and third in potato race and fence vaulting. Hamilton won the fence vaulting (5 ft. 1 in.); rope climbing ($7\frac{1}{2}$ secs.), third in running high jump.

Class 4—The results in the series were very equal and it was not until after a great deal of calculating that the winner was found. Goldie was the lucky one with a total of $19\frac{1}{2}$ points, Castle was next with 19 and Steele followed with 16 points. Goldie won: Potato race (160 yards in $47\frac{3}{4}$ secs.), rope climbing ($7\frac{1}{2}$ secs.), fence vaulting (5 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.), second in the 25 yards' dash and tied for third place in the running high jump. Castle won: the 25 yards' dash ($2\frac{1}{2}$ secs.), running high jump (4 ft. 8 secs.); second in the rope climbing, standing hop, step and jump, standing broad jump. Steele won: the standing hop, step and jump (24 ft. 3 in.), standing broad jump (9 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.), was second in running high jump, tied for second place in the fence vaulting and was third in the 25-yard dash.

There was a banner presented to the class winning the highest number of points, which went to Prel. F. with a total of 57 points; Prel. B. was second with 47, and Matric. C. was third, having 23 points. The total points of the different years represented were: Preliminary, 161 points; Junior, 45; Matriculation, 44.

The meet was brought to a fitting close by a relay race between the several years in the school and the teachers. The teachers' team was composed of Messrs. MacDonald, Harry Smith, Yates and Smaill. The result of the race was a win for the Prelims.; Juniors were second and the teachers secured third place.

RUGBY

Since the resumption of school work our football artists have played one game, against the University and, sad to relate, they have had another defeat added to their list. The game was quite even but the University thoroughly deserved to win; the quality of football that they have been playing this year is undoubtedly excellent and they deserve all the praise they get. On the other hand the High School team consists almost entirely of new material, many of the boys never playing rugby before. The backs have been a little weakened by the absence of Gosnell, who has left school. The score of this game was 14 to nothing.

The junior team have also clashed with University and a very close and interesting game resulted. The game resulted in a win for University by the narrow margin of 6—3.

Inter-Year Series

The second part of this series has been started, the first game was between the Matrics and Juniors and resulted in a win for the former by the score of 11—0.

The next game was between the Matrics and Prelims. The result was a surprising one inasmuch as the Matrics wiped out their first narrow defeat by romping home with the score of 17 to 5. This makes the leaders practically level and the next games are being enthusiastically looked forward to.

GRASS HOCKEY

The secretary of the Boys' Grass Hockey Club is in receipt of a challenge from the Girls' Club for a match to decide the school championship; they are certainly out to win and if the boys don't hustle themselves they are going to receive quite a shock. The fair ones are practising faithfully and in their minds there is only one possible result.

We have also received a challenge to play a game against the Normal School with a mixed team of girls and boys. This game is to be played in the near future and is causing considerable interest.

ICE HOCKEY

In this branch of sport the boys have been rather unsuccessful as they have lost the last three games. The bankers won from them by 7—1; McGill won 2—1, and the Shortt, Hill & Duncan septette have once more defeated them, this time by the score of 6—0. The boys attribute their poor showing to the absence of their coach who finds it impossible to attend some of the matches and also to the lack of interest shown by some members of the team, who would rather go to parties and dances than help the team along, so in future, if we are to win our remaining games, it is up to these fellows to try their best and help the Victoria High School to victory.

PRELIM A'S VALENTINE

A boy in Prelim A

Met a timid young girl,
Whose shy tender glances
Set his heart in a whirl.

He put in a letter,
Some very sweet rhymes,
Which he wrote and re-wrote
At least fifty times.

He tied it with ribbon
To a turtle-dove's tail,
So it went, don't you see,
By the overland mail.

Now whether she got it,
I really can't say,
For letters get lost
Or go sadly astray.

But if she received it,
She laughed at his suit,
And for weeks the poor fellow
Was surly and mute.



MATRIC B

English Teacher—"What does alquilador mean?"
S - - - -th—"Fire-water—brandy."
Loud laughs from the vicinity of the said pupil.
Would the world cease to exist—
If Miss Duck came to school each Friday!
If some of us thought Book.III in Geometry easy?
If Miss Fahrni kept the same seat twice in English periods?
If Goldie lost that smile? or
If somebody failed to return it?
Would Matric B cease to exist—
If we had experiments with hydrogen sulphide every day?

MATRIC C

First pupil (one from another class):—"Why do you all look so down-hearted in "C"?"

Second pupil (one of our midst):—"Surely you know we are all working without (Mr.) Hope."

We all wonder if Percy's hair-cut was his excuse for being absent Thursday morning.

J. I. M.—"The greater chord is nearer the centre of a circle than one more remote."

JUNIOR A**Scots Wha Hae**

"Brevity is the soul of wit." Thus sayeth Shakespeare.

The hero of the "next best seller" describes some of his emotions,—
"Never shall I forget that first fleeting vision. Never to my dying day shall I cease to treasure the memory of our first meeting,—
a glimpse of Paradise indeed. The sun had just set, bathed in a sea of color. One by one the stars peeped out until the velvet darkness of the heavens was studded with myriads of glowing points of everlasting fire. 'Twas the witching hour of soul! Arm in arm we wandered into the night, content as only lovers are. "Darling," said I, "let us wander thus through life together." With a little cry as of the flutter of the wings of a dove she sank into my eternal embrace."

But it took a Scotchman to write "Roamin' in the Gloamin'."

JUNIOR B

Wanted by:—

Miss Creeden—A speaking trumpet (extra volume).

Barr—An automatic machine to write his French out.

Fairbairn—Someone like the "lady" at the trial.

Miss Cavin—A box to keep her correspondence in.

Ellard—An experimental room to make dry solutions with water.

By all members of Junior "B"—A nice, quiet boy who will do our home lessons, answer all questions, open the door and make himself generally useful.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Bell has left Junior "B," but wish her every success in whatever she follows.

JUNIOR D

There was a rambunctious cedilla,

Was looking for Winsome to kill her;

Said Winsome, "Oh! No! I will smite you one blow,

And make you feel sick, or, much iller."

Jokes

Annoyed by a long series of appalling blunders in the French exercises, a high school mistress declared her intention of writing to Emmeline's mother. The girl looked her teacher in the face and said, "Ma will be awfully angry!" "I am afraid she will, but it is my duty to write to her!" said the mistress. "I don't know," said Emmeline doubtfully. "You see, Mother always does my French for me!"—Exchange.

The Art of Paraphrasing

In a training college for teachers the students were given quotations from well known authors and asked to paraphrase them. One student paraphrased: "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" thus—"Can you not attend upon the invalid lunatic?"

Another had to paraphrase Keat's "Ode to a Nightingale," the last stanza of which begins:

"Thou wert not born for death, immortal bird;

No hungry generations tread thee down!"

He did it thus—"You were not sent into the world in order that you might go the way of all flesh, undying member of the feathered tribe. No multitude of persons affected by famine can mourn over you!"—Exchange.

JUNIOR E

Why surely you have heard of we,

The most knowledgeable Jun. E?

We are of different shapes and sizes,

But cannot say who is the wisest.

Of course there's Phylis, neat and daint,

But if she failed she wouldn't faint;

New Goods

Young Men's Suit Specials

Navy Blue Worsted 3 piece Suits, well tailored and finished	\$15.00
Navy Irish Serge 2 piece Yoke Norfolk Suits, very stylish	15.00
Fancy Mixed Tweed Suits, 3 pieces, new designs, splendid values	12.00

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A trial will convince you.
50c a pound, of your grocer

Don't accept a substitute



R. P. Rithet & Co., Limited

D I S T R I B U T O R S

And Watson there, so long and lank,
Who'll soon be cashier of a bank;
Or Sprinkling here, so lean and frail,
Before her teachers she doth quail,
But when at drill, she's not of lead,
She flies around like a feather bed;
She takes a run and then a jump,
And lands on the mat with an awful bump.
But my limited space will not allow
A long poetical pow-wow;
So it still remains a doubtful question,
Who is the wisest of our section.

COMMERCIAL A

When the Set's last entry is posted,
And the pens are clotted and dried;
When one of the maidens has fainted.
And the teacher has gone outside—
We shall rest; and faith we shall need it—
Sit down for a minute or two,
Till the teacher of Pitman's Shorthand,
Shall set us to work anew.

And they that were bad shall be punished,
They shall sit in a straight-backed chair,
And work at a ten-page Ledger,
With the zeal of a grizzly bear;
They shall have to make out the Statements,
Resources, Liabilities, and all.
They shall work for a week at the Balance,
And never get it at all.

And only the teacher shall praise us,
And only the teacher shall blame;
And no one shall try to be funny,
And no one shall speak to a dame,
But each for the joy of the Shorthand,
And each in his separate book
Shall write the thing as he hears it,
For the god of things as they look.

S.O.S.O.

PRELIMINARY B

Prel. B. is the class of Fame;
It puts all others right to shame
And certainly deserves the name.

For Colds and Tight Coughs

We recommend our

Syrup of White Pine *with Tar and Codeine*

Two Sizes, 25c and 50c

Try

FERNWOOD LOTUS CREAM

for Rough and Chapped Face and Hands

Nothing better

Fernwood Pharmacy

The High School Drug Store

"Prescriptions Our First Care"

TELEPHONE 2555

Men's Furnishings

Tailored Clothing

It's a short, short way to Murgatroyd
& Weaver's

It's a short, short way to go,

It's a short, short way to Murgatroyd
& Weaver's

And they have the goods to show.

□ □

Murgatroyd & Weaver

Limited

PHONE 1356

1117 DOUGLAS ST.

In it there is our Bamford bright
Who studies hard most every night;
And also there is Laura Eng
Who never uses any slang;
And Gertrude Bryce, so proud and cold,
And Allen Fraser, very bold.
And amongst the rest we do not name
Are one or two of no small fame.

WANTED FOR PREL. B.

Experienced hairdresser for girls who omit to do their hair before coming to school.

Small boy to carry Aileen's books.

Latest fashion books for Fraser.

Some one to draw and paint Valentines for Gertie Bryce.

We have just found out through one of our honored and respected teachers that Fraser is a lady-killer.

PRELIM. C

Her Valentine

Till the sands of the desert grow cold—

Till the story of life is told—

Till zero stops being cold—

Till the old man stops growing old—

Till our last hockey ticket is sold—

Oh be my valentine!

Till arithmetic stops being hard—

Till all cooking goes on without lard—

Till the British stop fighting hard—

Till the city cleans out our school yard—

Oh be my valentine!

Till a room is built minus a door—

Till a carpet's not laid on the floor—

Till dime novels are not blood and gore—

Till apples grow minus a core—

Till carbon bisulph has no odour—

Oh be my valentine!

Till the orange grows minus a rind—

Till Rockefeller spends his last dime—

Till Central stops giving the time—

Till mortar is made without lime—

Till the Cockney says lame, not lime—

Oh be my valentine!

Ruth:—"O Helen! Ralph said my face was a poem."

Helen:—"It is. Just like one of Browning's. You see, the lines are so deep.

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Western Canada's Largest Music House. Whether
it is Sheet Music, Double Disc or Cylinder
Records, Song Books or Player Piano Rolls,
you will find the largest display here
and always at reasonable prices

*Students are invited to make frequent
calls at this store to hear
the new music*



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English Bicycles

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Winter Shoes

at greatly *reduced prices*

*Come and see our Sale
Shoes now*

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Many young fellows like *Special
Order Clothes.* We are prepared
to show samples of the most
advanced styles for spring and invite your
inspection of our range. Prices from

\$20.00 to \$35.00

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Our Clothes"
-Regd.

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Nearest Messenger to High School

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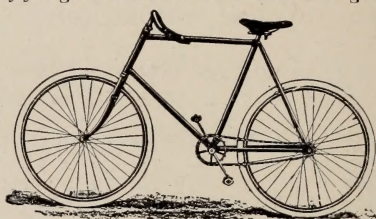
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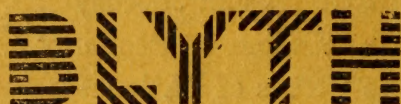
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